

Chapter 729

Dante nodded painfully, taking a sharp intake of breath as pain rocked through his body. "He calls himself Agony now," he wheezed out, trying to find a position that was more comfortable. "He's insane, Dara, seeing threats everywhere. He was trying to find Gard and Rayne. He didn't believe we didn't know where they had gone. On his travels, it appears that he stumbled across a vampire attack on a small wolf pack, the sole survivor being a young child. He rescued the child and sent her off in the direction of a larger wolf pack nearby. Mila was tracking that pack, trying to find a human girl that lives among wolves. When the shit hit the fan here, Mila called to say the pack was under attack by vampires. Agony left then to go protect the child he'd saved earlier."

Dara's head cocked to the side, curiosity alighting in her eyes as she considered what she'd heard. She held out her wrist to Dante's mouth, another small smile gracing her lips. "Drink; my blood will heal you." As the vampire did as he was told, her expression turned more thoughtful. "What is the importance of the human girl, and why was your friend trying to find her?"

He finished drinking at her wrist, stifling a sigh of relief as her intoxicating blood sped through his veins, enhancing his own regenerative powers exponentially. Dear God, the hybrid's blood was the most potent he'd ever tasted. If they were all like this...the sheer power they had at their disposal was terrifying. He would have to be a complete fool not to see the potential of having the Vârcolac as allies, not just to save Mila, but also to help stave off the worst of the coming invisible war.*WwW.novelWorM.cOm*

"Mila is special," he finally answered, reluctant to reveal everything in front of Louis but having no other option if he wanted Dara's trust. "She was blind when turned to a vampire, and her natural sight never returned on the change. She does have a different kind of sight though, and she has developed into a very powerful Seer. Mila had a vision of Agony's coming, of blood, death and the ultimate destruction of the vampire nation here in Europe when he arrived. The only hope to prevent that was a human girl living among a pack of wolves. We have been searching for her ever since, and only just found her now."

Dara rose up and held out her hand, helping him to his feet, her gaze intent. It was as if she were searching for something within his expression, something that she appeared to find when her half smile blossomed into a huge one. "Thank you, Dante. I know that was difficult to do, and I do appreciate that you told me the truth. I, too, know a powerful Seer, which makes me intrigued to meet your friend. However, that is secondary to my mission at the moment, and I do have one last question before we head off. Please, please tell me this human girl is Kothari's mate?"

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"Mila believes so. She is certain the girl is our salvation." Dante wasn't expecting the open relief that danced across the Vârcolac's face. It piqued his own curiosity. "You appear relieved?"

Dara nodded, turning away from them and heading back towards the open doorway. "We have a chance of reaching Kothari now. If he acknowledges the mating pull and doesn't remain confused about me."

"I thought you said you were the only thing standing between Kothari and the annihilation of my coven," Louis barked out, having remained silent but watchful throughout their conversation. His belligerence was back tenfold, his expression antagonistic.

"Until this turn of events, I was, coven leader," she quipped back. "I was merely pointing out that we now have a much more potent ally to assist us. I strongly suggest you come with us, Louis, though I will not demand it. I know how infuriated Alpha males become when they are ordered around. Nevertheless, you should consider doing so. There can be no harm in showing Kothari that you are a friend rather than a foe." Dara walked out of the house, leaving the two vampires alone.

"You know I'm going, Louis. Nothing will keep me from helping Mila, but I think you should heed Dara's advice. Your friend Freya would probably like you to assist the Vârcolac too, seeing as they are all part of the same pack." Dante didn't wait to see if the coven leader would follow. They had wasted far too much valuable time as it was. They had to get to the pack before anything happened to Mila.*WwW.novelWorM.cOm*

Blood; thick and warm, and oh so sticky against his hands. The beautiful symphony of agonised screams; the sweet cacophony of sound sending exhilaration flowing through his body. Agony flowed through the outer ring of vampires, his eyes flaring orbs of red, his talons long and wicked, slicing off limbs with barely any exertion required. He didn't pause to kill the fallen though, his goal to reach the tent and the child hidden deep within.

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It didn't take long for the vampires to realise the threat from behind, half the remaining number turning to meet the coming storm. Agony hardly registered them, his gaze firmly fixed on the coven leader from earlier, the one he had warned and who was now stalking the human girl to gain access to the tent.

"Pippa, remain inside, child," Agony said loudly enough for all to hear. His tone was emotionless and chilling, his gaze never leaving the coven leader. "I will be there shortly," he continued. "I am just taking care of a little pest problem at the moment."

His words had most of the group turning to look in his direction, and he smiled a cold smile as he took the head of an Elder vampire who got too close. His movement was so casual, his head not even turned in the vampire's direction he'd just killed, that a few of the remaining coven took a step back, clearly recognising a predator more deadly than themselves.

"Stay and die, or flee and hope I don't come looking for you when I am finished here. The choice is yours."

Two of the attacking force appeared to seriously consider his words, but then their coven leader growled a warning, and their expressions hardened, and they moved towards him. Agony smiled another chilling smile, his bloodlust rising further. "Your funeral then."

Agony hit his true killing edge, that perfect place where only death and destruction lived, where he was unshackled from all human constraints. He caught two vampires by the throat and smashed their heads together with such force, their skulls crumbled in a pulpy mess. As he released them, he twisted his hands negligibly, their heads falling a short distance from their bodies.

Behind him, he sensed movement; however, he didn't turn but maintained his focus on what was happening in front of him. The coven leader continued on his path towards the child, and this only served to infuriate the Vârcolac further.